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Choice Poetry.

THE CLOCK IN THE BAR.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

"Tick-tick"—the living day,
West the old brass clock in the bar—
"Tick-tick"—ticking away,
It stood 'mid the bottles there,
"Mum's the word," quoth the old time piece,
"Of all I have witnessed here,
As I've pointed the hours on my dial face—
Ticking from year to year!

"Where is that, once, jovial crowd,
That met here every day,
Dancing, carousing, and singing aloud!"
Said the clock: "Where are they?"
"I scarce find them against the poisonous draught,
But they loitered not what I said—
They merrily met me, as the cup they quaffed—
They danced now with the dead!"

"Tick-tick"—here have I stood,
Ticking from year to year;
And tales of woe could tell if I would,
Which had their origin here,
Bustled and bustled, father and son,
I've seldomly wanted of their doom;
I've seen full many a favored one,
Go down to the drinker's tomb!

"All the day long, all the night long,
From my place 'mid the bottles here,
I've heard the gayest talk and song
Of the drunkards, from year to year.
Little the revellers thought how fast
Their hands were ebbing away,
As I told of hours, of days that passed,
And passed forever and aye!"

"Tick-tick"—fill many a time,
As I've ticked from year to year,
I've thought how strange it was in him—
My owner, to place me here,
You, strange that I, who tell the time,
And mark each fleeting breath,
Should startle the ear of man with my chime,
While quaffing the "liquid death!"

"Yet, here I stand, ticking away,
With the revellers gathered around;
Heard I warn them every day,
But they heed not, nor heed the sound.
When the Angel shall cry: 'Time shall cease!'
In the Resurrection morning—
Too late, they'll think of the old time piece,
And wish they'd heeded my warning!"

Select Tale.

THE BUTCHER OF NOTRE DAME: —OR— THE JESUIT FIEND OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. —A TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES IX., OF FRANCE.

BY SYDNEY, THE PILGRIM.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIEND OF BOME IS LOOSE. "KILL! KILL!"

The result of Philip d'Artois' imprisonment, and subsequent experience in the Holy Inquisition, was a fit of severe sickness, but by the kind care of the butcher, and the skill of a physician whom Simon provided, the malady was confined to simple fever, and ere long the young noble was able to be about.

He learned the fate of Adele, but much of the sorrow which he would have otherwise experienced, was removed by the assurance of Simon Vendel that he would see that the fair girl was not harmed.

"I have the power," said he, "and I will pledge my word that while I live she shall not be injured by Malgrida. But let her remain now, for it will be better not to raise opposition, until you are able to take her under your own charge."

And so Philip tried to make himself contented, and he succeeded as well as could have been expected, though no man could have been farther from being happy than was he. He still remained in the house where he had first been brought from the Inquisition, and nearly every day had the butcher been to see him.

One day the Count had felt stronger than usual, and all the afternoon, had been longing for the fresh air and a ramble in the open street. But he had not dared to venture out. The day wore away, and the night set in calm and peaceful. The sun went down—the soft shades of twilight followed, and as the darkness of night began to gather over the great city, Philip felt an unusual weight of gloom settling down upon his spirits. It was a strange, unaccountable sensation, and it moved him to dark and hopeless thoughts. He was alone in the house, and he went to the window and looked out upon the dusky buildings. Then his eyes wandered off to the heavens, where the stars were glittering, and where, at certain points, light, fleecy clouds were sailing over the city. While Philip gazed, he thought the starry canopy grew dark and gloomy. The stars seemed to grow dim, as though they were turning their twinkling gaze away from earth. Perhaps this was only in the Count's mind—he may have only drawn the thought from his own gloom-laden soul; but it appeared to him as though he had seen it.

He stood thus at his window, gazing out upon the darkening heavens, when a quick, heavy footfall sounded upon the stairs, and in a moment more, the door was opened, and the Butcher of Notre Dame entered. He came in haste, as the anxious look upon his countenance showed, and in his hand he carried a snug bundle.

"Now, Count," he said, speaking in short, quick tones, "you are able to walk out?"

"Yes," returned Philip, not a little surprised at Simon's manner. "Well, now, I think you'll have use for your legs, for you've got to take the street. Our door in the cellar below I cannot open from this side. Here is a disguise for you. On with it, and be prepared, and I will send one to you who will lead you to a place of safety."

"But what is it, good Simon? What has happened?" the Count asked, in nervous anxiety.

"Ah, the blow we have so long expected, is about to be struck. I dreamed not it was coming so soon. Only half an hour ago did I mistrust that the blood-friend was to be set loose to-night."

"To-night! The blood-friend!" iterated Philip, trembling.

"Aye—the Romish hounds smell the Christian blood, and they are on the track. I do believe that the arm is raised, even now. If the blow does come, you will not be safe here, for the Rue Perdu has many Protestant houses on it, and they will all be searched. But fear not, dress yourself as soon as possible, and I will send a man who shall conduct you safely. Do not fear to trust him, for he will most assuredly prove faithful. I cannot stop now."

"But, Adele St. Aulnay—"

"She is in the Louvre."

"In the hands of the Queen?"

"Fear not for her. You shall see her anon, for to the Louvre you shall go at once."

"To the Louvre!" uttered Philip, starting with astonishment.

"Yes—but I cannot stop, now. Be quick, and your conductor will be here anon. He will answer you more. Fare well. Keep up a stout heart, and you shall be safe."

As the butcher thus spoke, he turned, and quickly strode from the apartment. Philip would have asked many questions of him, but the opportunity was gone.

It was some time before the Count could sufficiently collect his thoughts to turn his attention to the orders the butcher had left. The words which had been spoken, still rang strangely in his ears, and an hundred vague surmises floated before his imagination. At length, however, he opened the bundle, and in it he found the dark habit of a Capuchin friar. He did not hesitate long, but quickly removed such of his clothing as was necessary, he put on the monkish dress. He had fastened the coarse robe about his loins, and was just lashing the rough sandals to his feet, when his door was again opened, and the old Benedictine, Aymer, entered, and behind him came another man habited in the garb of a Capuchin. The Count finished his sandals, and then gazed upon the old man. That white beard seemed to flow more solemnly over the breast, and upon the brow sat a shade of gloom. But those strange, dark eyes looked the same as ever, nor could the Count express the sensation of strange, vague suspicion that came creeping over him as he found those eyes beaming upon him. It was a shapeless suspicion—without form or substance—but yet it found a home in the young noble's soul, nor could he drive it out.

"Count d'Artois," spoke the old man, while he leaned heavily upon his staff, "I have come to conduct you to a place of safety. I suppose Simon Vendel has informed you that some one would come for you."

"Yes," returned Philip, gazing hard into the face of the aged Benedictine.

"Then, we need no further preliminaries. Here is a friend who will accompany us."

At this remark, the individual who had followed Aymer into the room, came forward. The dark cowl was drawn up over his head so as to effectually conceal his features, and in his hand he carried a lantern, the lamp of which was already lighted.

"Count Phillip," he said, in tones which were not to be mistaken. "You won't fear to trust me."

"What!" cried d'Artois, starting forward, and extending his hand; "Good Michael Girard!"

"Yes," returned Philip, not a little surprised at Simon's manner. "Well, now, I think you'll have use for your legs, for you've got to take the street. Our door in the cellar below I cannot open from this side. Here is a disguise for you. On with it, and be prepared, and I will send one to you who will lead you to a place of safety."

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stone parapet—and he heard them laugh at their terrible, ghastly work!

"Oh, God!" he gasped, as he clasped his hands in agony.

"—sh!" whispered Aymer, seizing him quickly by the arm. "Beware! or you will betray us."

"And can these be men?" Count Phillip murmured, gazing wildly into the old man's face. "Can these be children of God, or has some hellish fiend come upon earth and made devils to wear the human shape! Oh, God!"

"Beware, Count, or you will surely betray us!"

"Then let us move on," gasped Philip, trembling at every joint. "Oh, God! I cannot bear this! My heart will break!"

"Kill! kill! Death to every Protestant!" was the cry; and while that fearful shout rang out upon the night air, our party moved on.

Ever and anon Michael swung his lantern aloft, and repeated the cry of the butchering Catholics, and in this manner, he contrived to draw attention away from his young master.

As our three friends crossed the bridge and entered upon the Quai de la Magisserie, the scene became horrible beyond all description. The way was filled with poor, fleeing wretches, who had leaped from their beds and taken to the streets in their night clothes, and close upon them rushed the murderers, all covered with blood, and yelling forth the slaughter-cry of "Kill! Kill!"

The way was already beginning to be strewn with the bodies of the slain, and from the high windows, women and children were hurled all dead and mangled upon the reeking pavement, and the music of the scene still continued—that same cry of the Pope's followers: "Kill! Kill!"

"Aymer," gasped the Count d'Artois, "I cannot stand this. Great God of mercy, it is too dreadful! Lead me somewhere away from the scene!"

"Alas, my son, it is all over the city alike. Hark! do you not hear that same cry from all about you?"

"Yes—but there must be some place of refuge—some of the secret passages must be—"

"—sh!" uttered the old Benedictine. "We are almost at our journey's end. Carefully, now. Here—this way."

"Stop—what is this?" cried Philip, as he saw a gray-haired corpse upon the side-walk.

"He approached, and turned the body up, and the rays of Michael's lantern fell upon the face. Philip knew the features well. It was the brave old Admiral of France, Gaspard de Coligny."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Count, while the big tears trickled down his pale cheeks, "and this is the end of the best man France ever knew. If they could not let thee live, then who shall be left to tell the story of this bloody night!"

"Come, come," urged Aymer, seizing Philip again by the arm. "In here, and in a few moments we shall be safe from all harm."

Philip d'Artois looked once more upon the blood-stained face of Coligny, and then, with a deep groan, he followed on after the Benedictine, Michael Girard all the while swinging his lantern, and yelling forth the Catholic cry of "Kill! Kill!"

It was a narrow passage into which Aymer had turned, leading up towards the Place d'Artois, and at a short distance up, they came to a building, the door of which was open, and about which were some half dozen bloody corpses. In the chambers could be heard the sound of voices in groans and imprecations, but the hall was clear, and the Benedictine hurried through.

ments he was lost in the distant windings of the passage.

Philip d'Artois sat down upon the cold flagging stones, and bowed his head upon his hands. From the earth above him still came the dreadful notes of the massacre, and the shrieks and groans of the dying martyrs were heard in wild, discordant tones.

"Oh! Michael, this is dreadful!" he groaned, as he shook with the memory of what he had seen.

"It is," returned the varlet. "And yet," he added, "it is all done in the name of religion and the Holy Pope of Rome."

"I know it; but the religion which gave birth to this is the religion of Satan, and God knows that Gregory XIII., of Rome, is a murderer and a villain!"

"Hark!" said Michael. "Good Heavens! Did you hear that shriek? It was right over our heads. That was a woman's voice. And hear that—and that. Mercy! what work is this!"

"Stop, Michael; say no more; for my heart is overburdened now. God have mercy for his children to night!"

And still that cry was heard, even by those who were under the earth. It was the song of the Church of Rome, and it was sung by her minions, while they did their fiendish, bloody work:

"Kill! Kill!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
In old age it shall cheer me.

In my father's land,
That placed it near my cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not!

Thou old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou now it down?

Woodman, spare that tree!
O, spare that aged oak;
Now towering to the skies!
Thy axe shall harm it not!

When I am an old boy,
I'll tuck my grateful shade;
In my father's land,
Here, too, my father played;

My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Pledge this foolish tree—
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings 'round thee cling,
Close as the bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild winds sing,
And still thy branches bend.

A National Party in New York—Their Objects.

A correspondent of the Richmond Whig, writing from New York, says: I attended, last evening, a meeting of some most devoted men, who are eager for conquest under the new party—

"The National, Union, Conservative, Opposition Party."

The meeting was informal, and the members were of different stamps. There were Old-Line Whigs, who grew grey in the service of Henry Clay—there were Americans, who have sat in the National as well as State Councils of the old American party—there were men who edit and control Black Republican papers, disgusted with their old association, and ready as "Conservative Republicans" to come out and war to the knife for the new party, and whoever may be his chief.

There were dissatisfied Democrats, who are willing and anxious to join a purer party—a conservative order party—a party that will unite, and carry the Union candidate into power in November, 1860, as no candidate was ever voted for before.

There was a door-keeper at the door of the large hall, in which the meeting was held. All invited, had cards—a plain, white card, with but one word on it written. It was

"NUCOP."

I asked the person who handed it to me, its meaning. He replied, "Learn that at the meeting." I showed "my card" to the door-keeper. He bowed, opened the door, but refused the card. "Pass in, sir, and keep your card."

I did so, and was greeted by many familiar faces.

I never saw more determined men in any body of men. There was no noise, no excitement, but there was in every countenance a look of determined purpose. I am not at liberty to relate what occurred from 8 to 11 o'clock, when the meeting adjourned. Enough to say, that all was harmony, compromise, unselfishness. Not a man in that crowd, I am sure, cared a straw for any particular man for the Presidency, for their chief. If they had any such preferences, they had solemnly made up their minds to sacrifice them upon the altar of patriotic compromise, and whether Gen. Scott, W. C. Rives, W. C. Preston, John J. Crittenden, Robert C. Winthrop, John M. Botts, Rufus Choate, Sam. Houston, Jere. Clemens, George Law, Edward Bates, Wm. L. Goggin, Washington Hunt, John Bell, Edward Everett, Millard Fillmore, John P. Kennedy or Hamilton Fish should receive the nomination next May for President and Vice President, to make but one reservation—that the candidates so selected should be sworn foes to Democracy and Black Republican Abolitionism.

This is the true doctrine. Such harmony, moderation and patriotism will sweep the candidates into power on the topmost wave of the popular vote. Before the meeting adjourned I asked an old grey-headed veteran the meaning of the word on my card. He smiled, and pointed to a banner at one end of the room. It read, "National, Union, Conservative, Opposition Party."

The first letter of each word is on your card of admission—and, sir, you will find it a passport into every political meeting in the United States, South or North, except where Democrats or Abolition Black Republicans meet. There was no secrecy, save what was prudent and judicious for men acting as leaders in a great national movement. Robert C. Winthrop's letter was read, and informally commented upon. So was a leading article in your paper, and a discussion was had on the propriety of disseminating it all over the Union. No one talked about detail subjects of the canvass. They all drove at one point—union, North and South—good chiefs—and to elect them and squabble afterwards, if any squabbling was to be done at all.

INTERESTING DISCLOSURES.—A PENITENT at the CONFIDENTIAL.—James W. Lind, late editor of the Henderson (Minnesota) Democrat, announces, in a late number of that paper, his retirement from the editorial chair, and his renunciation of Democracy. Here are his reasons for the step:

"I have, also, to acknowledge a change of sentiment, which is an additional reason for my retiring from this paper. I have tried the Democratic party of Minnesota, and found it wanting. Its leaders I have found corrupt and unscrupulous, and its enunciated principles, things made to read, but not to follow. From conversation this Spring with many of the leaders of the party, both here and in other portions of the State, I became convinced that their hopes of success in the coming Fall campaign, were entirely based upon anticipated bogus returns from Kennebec, Murray, Cottonwood, Pipestone, Pembina, and other out-of-the-way Counties! and I was not, therefore, surprised, on a late visit to St. Paul, to hear this broached to me and unblushingly anticipated, by Democrats high in State offices. The pollution of the ballot-box seems, in their opinion, to be a legitimate road to success."

WON'T SUPPORT HIM UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.—A Democratic City Convention at Vicksburg, the other day, after nominating a candidate for the Legislature, adopted a resolution unanimously, declaring that they would not support Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency under any circumstances. They resolved that he is a traitor to the Democratic party.

Abolition Victory in the South.

The following curious specimens of political literature, we publish as we find them in a Virginia exchange:

The telegraph informs us of the election of a Virginia Abolitionist to the office of Chief Magistrate of the Old Dominion. We were not prepared for such cheering news. His majority may be small, but we have abundant cause to rejoice that slave-ocracy is on the wane in Virginia, and that so large a portion of her people are imbued with the principles of the early, and the best, and purest Statesmen. The Governor elect lives among the Scotch-Irish in the heart of the State, and was the ardent advocate, a few years ago, of the abolition of Slavery in Western Virginia.—*Boston Liberator*, May 30, 1859.

It fills us with joy to report the election of a Democratic Free Soiler to the important office of Governor of Virginia. It justifies the policy we have sustained, of refusing to join the Abolitionists in invading the institutions of the Southern States. With no agency of ours, the black wave is receding to the South. Mr. Letcher was an advocate of emancipation in Western Virginia some 10 or 12 years ago, and though driven by apparent policy to palter to Eastern Virginia, it is well known that he cherishes his earlier opinions, and will be encouraged by his election to resume them at an appropriate season. His Democratic Free Soil brethren at the North hail this victory with unalloyed pleasure.—*New York Evening Post*, May 30, 1859.

We have hardly believed the telegram, which reports the election of John Letcher, the Abolitionist of the Valley of Virginia. It confirms the opinion we have often expressed, that Virginia was unsound on the subject of slavery on the North of the James River and West of the Blue Ridge. It confirms, too, our opinion that the States South of that line must form a confederacy of their own to resist the encroaching wave of Black Republicanism. We have long seen the necessity of Disunion, and we now invoke our timid friends who have dreaded a dissolution of the union of the States, to join the Southern League, en masse, and build anew the barrier which no longer exists on the banks of the Potomac. Let us have our cherished Southern Confederacy from the James River to the Gulf of Mexico.—*Mobile Southern League*.

THE THREE FIGHTING FELLOWS OF EUROPE.—The three principal personages now leading the great European war, are thus described, beginning with the youngest:

The Emperor of Austria is nearly 29 years of age, and has been Emperor 10 years. He is said to be a well informed, bold, scheming and unscrupulous King. He has ruled Italy with a rod of iron, and has apparently reconciled the good will of Hungary. His large army has exhausted the resources of his Empire, and his credit is gone. His name is Francis Joseph.

The King of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel II., is 39 years of age, was drilled in the army, and has been King 10 years. He leads his army in person.

The eldest of the three is Napoleon, aged 51 years, and for nearly 11 years President and Emperor of France. It was supposed at one time that the name alone had given him his prestige, but all the events of the last few years have developed talents and abilities that no one before suspected. His integrity cannot be estimated very highly—his military talents may possibly much surpass what he has heretofore had credit for. He has for the last five years been the moving spirit of Europe. If he confines his ambition to the overthrow of Austrian tyranny in Italy, and then permits her own people to govern themselves, he may be regarded as the best friend of Italian nationality.

WHY THEY LEFT THE PARTY.—The Holly Springs Herald, while complimenting the Memphis Enquirer on accession of Hon. Solon Borland to its editorial corps, in connection with the Hon. Jere. Clemens, says: "Both of these gentlemen once belonged to the Democratic party, and were elevated to the high positions they formerly occupied by that party, and both are now lending their influence and talents to destroy the party that thus honored them." To which the editor thus responded:

When we belonged to the Democratic party, it was neither cursed with the heresy of disunion or disgraced by the foul slime of corruption. It was a party of principle—true to its pledges, and unfaltering in its attachment to the cardinal principles of Jefferson and Jackson. The motley thing which has stolen the name of Democracy bears no resemblance to the old and sterling organization—is entitled to none of our allegiance, and never was. We worship in no temple where Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, and the like, are clothed with the vestments of the Priesthood and officiate at the altar; however well they may suit the editor of the Herald, who, if we are correctly informed, was formerly one of the most violent of Whigs, and is therefore peculiarly fitted to expound Democratic principles.

The editor of the Southern States, who calls himself a Captain, steals half his paragraphs from us and half from other people. He ought to be a Captain of a rifle company.—*Louisville Journal*.

Mental ornament hides bodily defects.